1605/549.

SARAH,

THE

QUAKER,

TO

LOTHARIO.

LATELY DECEASED,

On Meeting Him in the

SHADES.

For Love had, like the canker Worm,
Conſum'd her early Prime:
The Roſe grew pale, and left her Cheek;
She dy'd before her Time.

The THIRD EDITION, with ADDITIONS.

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(Price Sixpence.)

SHADES

OF

FOTHARIO

AND

THE

SAKALI

SARAH,

THE

QUAKER,

TO

LOTHARIO.

NO Reſpite from my Tortures can I have?
And laſt my Paſſions ſtill beyond the Grave?
What, cannot Death my Life's Misfortunes blot?
And have I ſtill the baneful Curſe of Thought?
Around this dreary Manſion do I rove,
A wretched Martyr in the Cauſe of Love?
Change where I will, for ever muſt I find
The cruel, falſe *Lothario* haunt my Mind?
Death is by moſt eſteem'd the End of Pain,
But I each Hour am *murther'd* o'er again:
A thouſand various Pangs my Boſom tear;
Love, Fondneſs, Hate, Reſentment, and Deſpair.

Can Heav'n my black *Betrayer's* Crimes forgive,
And let him ſtill in guilty Triumph live?
In lawleſs Pleaſures does he ſtill proceed?
And rolls the *Thunder* harmleſs o'er his Head?
Does he perſiſt to be as Baſe, as Great,
And not one Sting of Conſcience urge his Fate?
Does he his vile Succeſs, a Pattern ſhow,
To tempt more Brutes to plot fond Woman's Woe?
Age ſure at laſt muſt force him to give o'er,
And tho' he keeps the Will, abate the Pow'r.

Oh could I here behold his Traytor *Shade!*
And Face to Face his Perfidy upbraid!
What vengeful Tranſports in my Soul would riſe,
To ſee *him* in *his* Turn, *my* Sacrifice!
To ſee him ſhudder at each Wrong I tell,
And make him wiſh in vain a leſſer Hell!

Hah! whence, with this new Chillneſs do I quake!
Why with a more than uſual Horror ſhake?
What do I ſee? Has Heav'n then heard my Pray'r?
And can it, can it be?—*Lothario*, There!
'Tis He, 'tis He; all trembling and aghaſt,
He's come to give my Wrongs Revenge at laſt.
Too well I know him, by the Brow he wears,
Of Hate, Confuſion, Shame, and Villain's Fears.
In vain his Guilt attempts to ſhun my Eye;
From my Reproach he cannot, ſhall not fly;
On *Earth*, his Crimes his *Eloquence* might clear;
I'll be Accuſer, Judge and Jury, *Here*.

' At length, perfidious Monſter! do we meet?
' And is my wiſh'd Revenge at length compleat?
' Do I at length the proud *Lothario* ſee,
' As fall'n, as wretched, and as wan as Me?
' Thou dar'ſt not ſurely at thy Stars repine,
' Or think thy Fate untimely;——What was *Mine?*
' Now more than twice ten Years, by Thee betray'd,
' Here have I wander'd, a dejected *Shade*;
' In all the Bloom of tempting Youth I fell,
' And knew no Crime, but that I lov'd too well;
' I lov'd a Traitor, who, with barb'rous Art,
' Firſt labour'd to ſeduce, then broke my Heart.
' Weak, and unknowing of Mankind's Deceit,
' You vow'd,——and I believ'd the fatal Cheat;
' All the baſe counterfeited Sighs you drew,
' My Boſom pitied, and return'd with True,
' Regardleſs to my Friends, or Kiindred's Call,
' I thought, in Thee that I enjoy'd them all.
' Did I, to hear and to indulge thy Flame,
' The rigid Strictneſs of my *Sect* diſclaim?
' From all my *pious Principles* depart,
' And take thy *looſer Doctrines* to my Heart?
' To bleſs thy Wiſhes, did I yield my Charms,
' And loſe my Fame and Virtue in thy Arms?
' Did I bid all I ſtak'd, ſecurely reſt
' On the ſworn Truth and Honour of thy Breaſt?
' Fool that I was! I found my Error ſoon,
' That *you* was perjur'd, and *myſelf* undone.

' Why

' Why with ſuch Eaſe was I thy Victim made!
' Nor ask'd, what former Feats thy *Worth* diſplay'd?
' Why was I, e'er thy Vows my Heart did win,
' A Stranger to thy early, darling Sin,
' Thy bent to Fraud? When *ſcorch'd* with lawleſs Love.
' Thy Friendſhip did thy *Brother's* Pains remove,
' Propos'd an eaſy Method to Succeſs,
' Uſurping, (generous Wile,) the *Prieſtly* Dreſs,
' Turn'd the *forc'd Nuptials* to a Maſquerade,
' And cheated to his Arms the *ſcrup'lous Maid?*
' This Earlier had I known, *Louiſa's* Fate,
' Where ill I plac'd my Love, had taught me Hate.
' But ſtill I knew (had I been wiſe) Enough,
' To keep 'gainſt all thy Arts my Boſom Proof.
' I knew, for paultry Bribes, thy venal *Tongue*,
' In *Law* Deceptions had been practis'd, young;
' And that thy great, but guilty Talents made,
' By puzzling *Right and Wrong*, a gainful Trade.
' And did I doubt, whoſe *Tongue* ſuch Work would do,
' Would ſcruple to *let out* his *Conſcience* too?
' Yet, did my evil Deſtiny prevail,
' And in thy Favour, yet I turn'd the Scale,
' Permitted Thee my Boſom to enſnare,
' And truſted all my *Fortune* to thy Care.
' But this is arguing o'er my Griefs too cool.
' *What Bounds ſhall injur'd Woman's Fury rule?*
' Let raging Winds, and high tempeſtuous Seas
' Roar for a while, then ſoften into Peace;

' They've

' They've Seaſons mark'd for *Uproar* and for *Reſt*;
' But 'tis not, 'tis not ſo with *Sarah's* Breaſt.
' Here, Traytor, faithleſs Villain, ſhalt thou find
' With one continued Tumult boils my Mind.
' What Terms can Language yield to ſhock thy Ear?
' *Wretch! Monſter! Coward! Ruffian! Murderer!*
' Thou dar'ſt not think thou feel'ſt enough Diſtreſs,
' To ask my Pity to reproach Thee leſs.
' The Inſults you on *Earth* vouchſaf'd my Pain,
' I'll *Here* with *Int'reſt* pay Thee back again.
' 'Twas *There*, *Thy* Pride to work poor *Sarah* Woe,
' And *now*, 'tis *Her's*, to be *thy* Curſe *below*.
' See *Dido* midſt the wretched Throng repine,
' Whoſe only cruel Lot can equal mine!
' Companions in Revenge and in Deſpair,
' One Fate we ſuffer, and one Anguiſh ſhare,
' The baſe, ungrateful *Trojan* is *her* Theme;
' *She* to the *Ponyard* points, and *I* the *Stream*.
' Ha! do'ſt thou turn, at that laſt Sound, aſide?
' And would'ſt thou labour conſcious Guilt to hide?
' Does it then ſting Thee?—Nay, Thou can'ſt not fly,
' At leaſt, ſo far, but I'll be quickly nigh;
' With my Revenge thy tortur'd Ears purſue,
' And the ſame Muſick ev'ry Hour renew.———

Has't

HA'ST Thou then deign'd me Thy Reply *at laſt?*
And doſt Thou hope from Thence, my Fury's paſt?
Shall That *the Tempeſt of my Soul abate?*
Check my vow'd Vengeance, or relax my Hate?
Haſt Thou brought Here *the ſame* ſmooth guileful *Tongue,*
Which, as I've ſaid, was Thy Diſgrace, *when* Young?
The ſame falſe Arts doſt Thou again diſplay,
Which made on Earth my Innocence thy Prey?
Doſt Thou baſe Pity *for my Suff'rings feign,*
To make Me Thy ſoft cred'lous Tool *again?*
Lothario! *No; I've judg'd Thee o'er and o'er:*
Too much I've try'd Thee, to be injur'd more.
On Sarah, *firſt, my* Love's *ſoft Failings thrown?*
And was the Guilt of Murther *all my Own?*
Do'ſt Thou my ill-plac'd Fondneſs make thy Plea?
Own, tho' I kill'd myſelf,—— I fell thro' Thee.

FINIS.

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